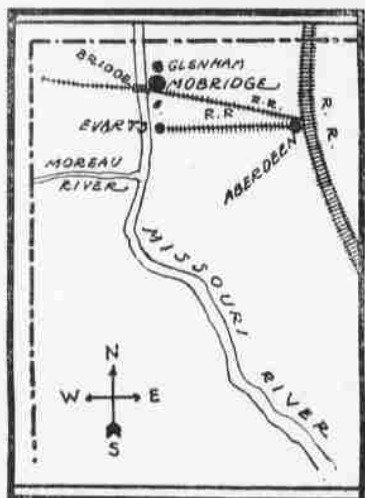
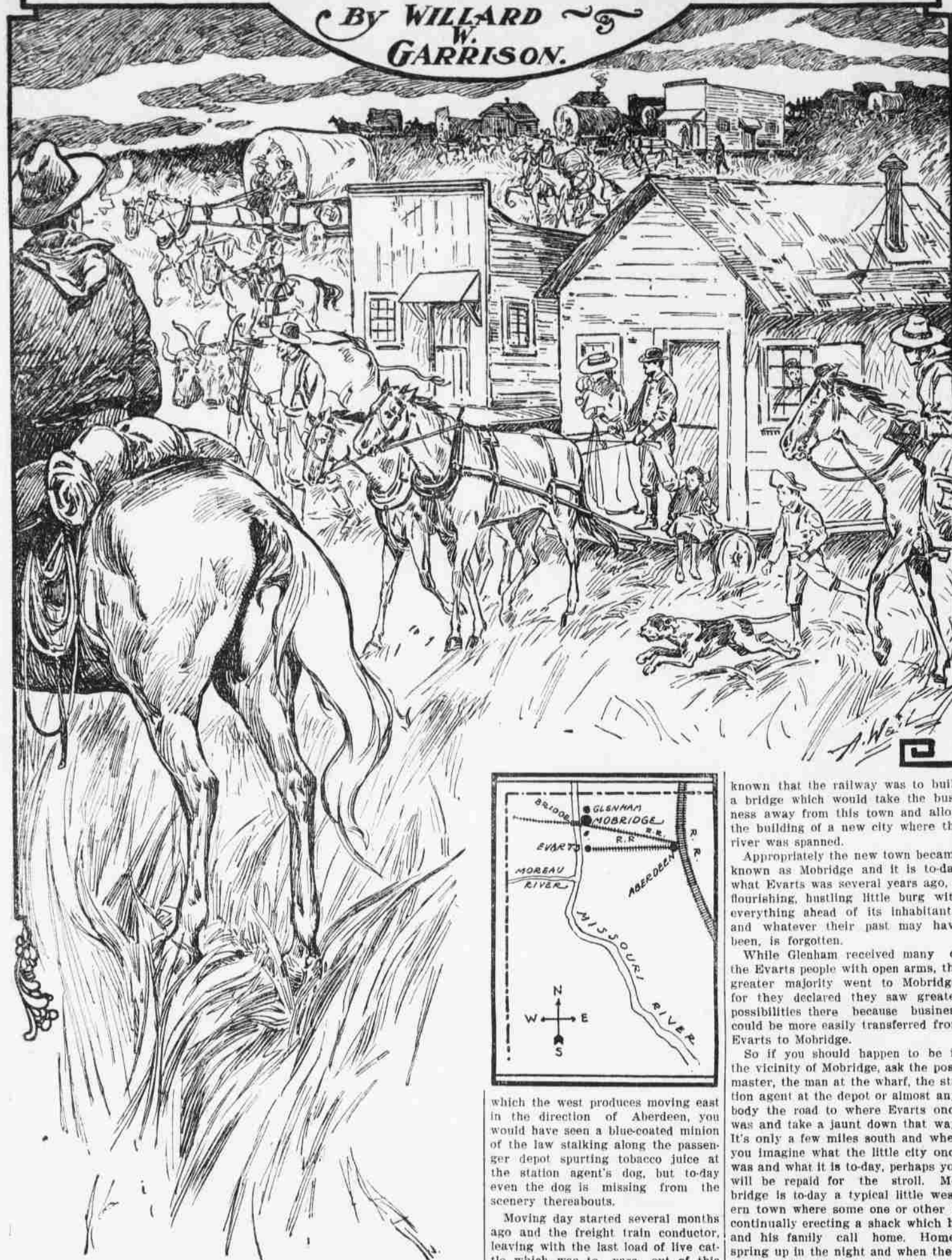


ONCE GREATEST CATTLE CENTER; NOW BARREN PLAIN

BY WILLARD W. GARRISON.



which the west produces moving east in the direction of Aberdeen, you would have seen a blue-coated minion of the law stalking along the passenger depot spouting tobacco juice at the station agent's dog, but to-day even the dog is missing from the scenery thereabouts.

Moving day started several months ago and the freight train conductor, leaving with the last load of live cattle which was to pass out of this typical American city, was almost moved to tears as he stood on the rear platform of his caboose when the train reached a rise in the plain and looked back upon the town which had been his "hang-out" since he entered the employment of the road.

The writer, making a quick trip from Everts to Aberdeen, was lounging in the caboose. The sight became unbearable to the railroad man and he re-entered the trainman's apartments. "I've seen that there burg going up from the time when old Jess Atkins lived in a shanty down by the river just south of town and owned six head of cattle. There wasn't no spur from Aberdeen then," he soliloquized, "but Jess used to drive his cows across the prairie to where the river flows the Missouri and there they'd ferry the bull outfit across for a couple of dollars. Then he'd have a nice long ride to Aberdeen."

"Once when Jess' wife and darters came down to live with him, the ole man was ketching by some rustlers from up north and they stole his pony, cows and money. Jess had to hoof it back to his shack. Well, sence that time y'd be a'prised how the place has growed. I was on a river steamer then. I was the pilot. Well, pretty soon Everts was boomed and all us young cubs got the fever to stake out a bit o' land and set up in some kind o' bizness. We didn't care much what and we didn't know what it'd turn out to be when we staked."

"Well, finally I accepted a loco-rative job as brakie on this line and five years ago I got promoted to conductor. I ain't givin' to suffer, whomsoever, as they've give me a job doin' the same thing from Oakes to Aberdeen when I get through with this trip."

And the conductor is not a romancer, but his feelings were echoed through the western air and in every home in Everts when it became known that the railway was to build a bridge which would take the business away from this town and allow the building of a new city where the river was spanned.

Appropriately the new town became known as Moberge and it is to-day what Everts was several years ago, a flourishing, bustling little burg with everything ahead of its inhabitants, and whatever their past may have been, is forgotten.

While Glenham received many of the Everts people with open arms, the greater majority went to Moberge, for they declared they saw greater possibilities there because business could be more easily transferred from Everts to Moberge.

So if you should happen to be in the vicinity of Moberge, ask the postmaster, the man at the wharf, the station agent at the depot or almost anybody the road to where Everts once was and take a jaunt down that way. It's only a few miles south and when you imagine what the little city once was and what it is to-day, perhaps you will be repaid for the stroll. Moberge is to-day a typical little western town where some one or other is continually erecting a shack which he and his family call home. Homes spring up in the night and when their owners grow tired of them they are either sold for fire-wood or some one, perhaps poorer, accepts them for a small sum.

Western hospitality, a tradition, which is told in fiction works and which actually exists, is one of the first themes of Moberge and the stranger, poor or wealthy, is just as sure of welcome under Moberge roofs as he would be under his own. Of course there are cattle rustlers in that part of South Dakota, but thanks to real western cow tactics, they are few. Vigilance committees have made stealing cattle such a hazardous method of eking out a living that few care to risk their health in that manner.

Money in Apple Orchards. Tasman has long been known as the apple land of the south, but few at home have any real idea of the money that can be made, and is being made, out of apple growing in that island.

Last year, for instance, there were many small orchards in the south which returned as much as 1,200 bushels to the acre, and one owner of four acres, who picked over 4,000 bushels of marketable fruit, which he sold at four shillings a bushel, reaped a gross return of \$800. As his expenses at the outside would not be more than £100, his profit acre worked out at something like £175. Of course, this was an extreme case, but orchards of 20 acres and upward averaged full 500 bushels an acre, and yielded a clear net profit of quite £1,500 in each case. The area actually planted at the present time in domestic and commercial orchards is about 20,000 acres, and upward of half a million cases of apples were exported to this country last year.—Brisbane.

Hong-Kong's Fine Harbor. The Hong-Kong harbor has a water area of ten miles, and is regarded as one of the finest in the world.

effectuated by the other machines. A special form of this universal machine is exceedingly useful in taking apart machinery and steel buildings. It operates by cutting off the heads of the rivets, which are then easily driven out.

People Eating Less Meat. Sanitarism, or half vegetarianism, has gained many converts since Minister Wu coined the new word. The theory of the stomach's being the seat of all diseases is banishing meat from the bill of fare of many homes.

Something of a Poet

By Jack Browning

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"I'm something of a poet myself," Hadley murmured, his eyes following the stream of moonlight through the open window and skyward to its source. "Yes, I am something of a poet—but with a practical bent."

So saying, he turned and followed the luminous stream in its path through the darkness of the room. At the table, polished top aglow in the light, he selected a cigarette, stepped then to the buffet, and poured out a sip of brandy.

Still without a light, he drew a chair to the edge of the streaming moonbeams, and seating himself, smiled into the night, enjoying his moon-fancies. His smoke rings shimmered in the glowing vapor, dissolved lazily, and like winding ribbons of silver, reeled sinuously into the darkness. "Not so much as the flutter of a leaf," he thought. "I can almost hear the flowing stream of moonlight. Silence seems to have drugged the—"

He strained forward and listened. From some indeterminate part of the house came a low tapping, as of breeze-swayed bough on window pane. The sound continued only a moment, however, and Hadley's interest sank to a listless curiosity, and thence to forgetfulness. The moonbeams crept down from the buffet, crept past the table, past Hadley, through the open window, and up, slowly higher and higher, till the upper casement hid the last of them.

A little longer the glow of the cigarette palpitated in the darkness, then flashed, comet-like, through the window; and Hadley, with a satisfied exhalation of the last puff of smoke, rose and stood a moment, refilling his lungs from the sweet night air.

"What a night!" he thought. In a near-by chamber a door creaked, and quickly, noiselessly, he darted into the folds of a heavy portiere. Peering cautiously from his hiding place, he smiled and exclaimed, silently: "By Jove! A burglar!"

For a thin shaft of light, crossing the doorway leading into the hall, darted left, right, up, down, like a furtive glance, then vanished. The pat, pat of a cat-like tread drew nearer and paused, and Hadley, with excited amusement, could almost feel the finger of light exploring his hiding place. A moment later he saw it on the wall near him, and then it darted through the doorway into the library, followed by the cat-like tread.

Warily the watcher stepped from the curtain, the thick carpet yielding silently to the pressure of his feet. To the library door he advanced, and, scarcely breathing, peered into the room, ready to draw back his head if the flitting light should turn toward his direction.

Curiously he followed the shaft of light, which, like a long, slender and incredibly nimble prospector, guided by a dimly and grotesquely outlined monster, was exploring every nook and cranny of the large room.

On a desk, which filled a corner with its oaken bulk, the light had settled; from top to bottom, from side to side, fingering drawer after drawer, it moved. Apparently interested, the monster behind the light advanced to the table and placed his keen-eyed assistant on the top, and then followed the low ring of metal on metal.

The burglar turned with a snarl, his right hand flying toward a side pocket, but he stiffened suddenly into a rigid, crouching statue at sight of a revolver gleaming in the path of the light—a revolver, a hand, and part of an arm—back of which loomed a dim shadow.

"Sorry, old man!" the taunting voice repeated. The revolver, hand and arm were unwavering—maddeningly so.

"What the h—?" "Hands in front—up!"

The burglar's hands went up. "Now lower them just enough to take off your coat—Be careful! There, toss it to me. Now turn around—all the way. Good—no projections about the hips. Sit down on that desk stool. And raised your mask a trifle—raise it, I say!—Horror! Lower it—quick!" The taunt in Hadley's voice brought the unflinching burglar to his feet, but the revolver motioned him back.

The captor laughed softly, then placed the coat on the table and began to fumble through the pockets, careful all the time, however, to keep at least one eye on the captive. A revolver came from one side pocket, followed by a bunch of keys. Hadley gave these articles hardly a glance, and sought another pocket.

"Ah, here we are!" First came a necklace, and, in spite of himself, Hadley's eyes were drawn to the string of flashing gems, before which the lantern light became pale and lustreless. Again the scowling spectator sprang to his feet, and again the revolver motioned him back.

"My!" Hadley exclaimed. "You are a painstaking burglar to prowl through a desk with a fortune like this in your pocket!" He dropped the fortune into his own pocket, and again prospected the coat.

"A pendant. Tinsel beside the necklace, but a beauty." The pendant followed the fortune.

"A watch. Pretty—Yes, set with diamonds, but a trifle." The trifle joined necklace and pendant.

"Another pendant. Pearls—very pretty. I have a weakness for pearls. And rings, rings, rings! Dear me! What an avaricious scoundrel you must be! If you should get into Tiffany's safe, I suppose you would steal the janitor's coat on the way out."

Finding nothing more of interest in the coat, Hadley moved the burglar to the desk, compelling the burglar to shift his seat into the glare. Carelessly he moved one of the photographs into the light, but at the first glance his indifference became eagerness, and with a low exclamation of admiration, he caught up the card.

"What a face! The rarest jewel of all!"

The snarl and muttered oaths of the burglar suddenly ceased, and Hadley glanced up suspiciously in time to motion warningly with the revolver. "Don't disturb me!" Again he scanned the face in the photograph. Intently following with an artist's eye every delicate line of each beautiful feature.

"Beautiful! What wouldn't I give to see—"

Hadley was interrupted by a sudden light that flooded the room with blinding brilliancy. Instinctively he glanced at the burglar. That rough-molded creature no longer snarled, he was breathless, and the tense muscles of his powerful body showed through his clothing.

"Bob!—Brother, dear! Is that you?"

Hadley clutched the photograph and smiled expectantly. "Her voice! A proper voice for such loveliness! I must see her face!" The thought ended in a glow of admiration.

In the hallway stood the girl, as little like the photograph. Hadley thought, as the round moon is like an electric light. She was clad in a loose dressing robe, as if she had just risen from bed, sleep was still in her eyes. But, as Hadley looked, terror flashed into her face, and she took a faltering step backward, her lips parted as if to scream.

"Please do not scream!" Hadley admonished her. "There is no danger." He followed her terrified glance toward the burglar, and just in time.

"Stop!" he commanded. "Down!" as if speaking to a dog. "So! Now, don't move again—on your life!" Then, once more addressing the girl, and smiling reassuringly: "I am an officer. I noticed this villain prowling about the house, and when he entered, I followed, hoping to take him in the act. I have been quite successful, as you see."

To Hadley the relief that flickered across the girl's face was joy enough. "Oh!" her exclamation was almost a sob. "I—I thought it was my brother!" Her voice faltered, and she leaned against the door casing, weeping softly.

"Please do not be alarmed! You can help me, if you will."

"Oh, how?" The girl looked up with a timid courage, and sought to dry her tears.

"If there is a telephone handy," Hadley continued, his voice softly encouraging, "you may call another officer. Central will do it for you. Alone I may have trouble with this scoundrel."

"Oh, there is a telephone at the

other end of the hall. Just tell central to have an officer sent to this number. Is that sufficient?"

Hadley smiled and bowed, and the girl, answering in like manner, tripped down the hall on her errand.

"Now!" Hadley whispered to the burglar. "This way—quick!" And before the astonished knave had time to think, he was hustled into the smoking-room and through the window, from which Hadley had watched the moon.

"What!" He finally found breath to gasp, as together he and Hadley were making their way over the second back fence. "Ain't you a cop?"

"Cop!" Hadley laughed, and involuntarily felt to reassure himself that the photograph was safe in his pocket. "I—!" and he laughed again. "I am something of a poet, but—!" and coming just then to a promising alley, he slipped away, finishing from the darkness: "but with a practical bent!"

IT DID.

Wife—Does my new hat look good to you?

Her Own—Yes—good for a month's salary.

What is Pe-ru-na.

Are we claiming too much for Peruna when we claim it to be an effective remedy for chronic catarrh? Have we abundant proof that Peruna is in reality such a catarrh remedy? Let us see what the United States Dispensary says of the principal ingredients of Peruna.

Take, for instance, the ingredient hydrastis canadensis, or golden seal. The United States Dispensary says of this herbal remedy, that it is largely employed in the treatment of depraved mucous membranes lining various organs of the human body.

Another ingredient of Peruna, corydalis formosa, is classed in the United States Dispensary as a tonic.

Cedron seeds is another ingredient of Peruna. The United States Dispensary says of the action of cedron that it is used as a bitter tonic and in the treatment of dysentery, and in intermittent diseases as a substitute for quinine.

Send to us for a free book of testimonials of what the people think of Peruna as a catarrh remedy. The best evidence is the testimony of those who have tried it.

ABSENT-MINDED.



Old Gent—Here, you boy, what are you doing out here, fishing? Don't you know you ought to be at school? Small Boy—There now! I knew I'd forgotten something.

CURED HER CHILDREN.

Girls Suffered with Itching Eczema—Baby Had a Tender Skin, Too—Relied on Cuticura Remedies.

"Some years ago my three little girls had a very bad form of eczema. Itching eruptions formed on the backs of their heads which were simply covered. I tried almost everything, but failed. Then my mother recommended the Cuticura Remedies. I washed my children's heads with Cuticura Soap and then applied the wonderful ointment, Cuticura. I did this four or five times and I can say that they have been entirely cured. I have another baby who is so plump that the folds of skin on his neck were broken and even bled. I used Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment and the next morning the trouble had disappeared. Mme. Napoleon Dueppe, 41 Duluth St., Montreal, Que., May 21, 1907."

It takes a woman with sound judgment to generate sales.

You always get full value in Lewis' Single Binder straight 5c. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

Same Old Story.

Mrs. Howells—How much does your husband earn a week? Mrs. Howells—Oh, anywhere from \$15 to \$25 more than he gets.

We Know That Fellow.

"That man over there is the biggest skin in the city." "Rob you, would he?" "Rob! Say, if I had to shake hands with that fellow I wouldn't feel sure I had all my fingers until I'd counted 'em."—Boston Transcript.

All Up.

"And when I saw the mouse," said the girl to her gentleman caller, "I thought it was all up with me!" "It was all up with her," butted in her little brother; "she grabbed her skirts an—"

And then they reached him and choked him off.—Houston Post.

Thoreau's Sensible Answer. When the forest-haunting hermit Thoreau lay on his deathbed, a Calvinistic friend called to make inquiry regarding his soul. "Henry," he said, anxiously, "have you made your peace with God?" "John," replied the dying naturalist, in a whisper, "I didn't know that God and myself had quarreled!"

WHICH?



Visitor—Can I see the editor, my lad? Office Boy—Are you a contributor or gentleman?

REMAINS THE SAME.

Well Brewed Postum Always Palatable

The flavour of Postum, when boiled according to directions, is always the same—mild, distinctive, and palatable. It contains no harmful substance like caffeine, the drug in coffee, and hence may be used with benefit at all times. "Believing that coffee was the cause of my torpid liver, sick headache and misery in many ways," writes an Ind. lady, "I quit and bought a package of Postum about a year ago."

"My husband and I have been so well pleased that we have continued to drink Postum ever since. We like the taste of Postum better than coffee, as it has always the same pleasant flavour, while coffee changes its taste with about every new combination or blend."

"Since using Postum I have had no more attacks of gall colic, the heaviness has left my chest, and the old, common, every-day headache is a thing unknown." "There's a Reason." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pks.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

American towns and cities, especially in the west, spring up in a night and generally they flourish and develop with each year. Everts, situated on the Missouri river in the north-central part of South Dakota, was no exception to the rule in its early life, but to-day if you should happen to paddle up the Missouri past where the waters of the Moreau enter, the first thought that would enter your mind when you struck the former site of Everts, would be that a cyclone had wiped out the place.

However, such is not the case. Everts is now only a western plain and this by its own volition. Only a few weeks ago Everts was the big-gest cattle-shipping center of the United States. To-day there is no Everts. There is not even a railroad track; the big shipping depot has been torn down, here and there a splinter left when the buildings were taken away, tells the tale of a once-flourishing city.

And the whole reason for the people of Everts getting out of their chosen town was because the railroad wanted to find a suitable spot on the Missouri river to build a bridge. The railway officials were extending their line to the coast and the worst obstacle in the path of the gigantic enterprise was to find a place to hang the bridge. Eventually the engineers settled upon a site several miles north of Everts and at that point a flourishing town, known as Moberge sprang up Everts people were offered any site for their town that they might select along the extension.

Then the exodus began. Husky cattlemen hitched horses and oxen to their houses and barns, some tore the edifices down, and they were hauled across the prairie, much like the schooners of '49 fame. Glenham and Moberge, the latter's name being a contraction of the words Missouri

bridge, received most of the Everts people. When everybody had left, the railroad tore down its depot, great gangs of men jerked the tracks from their cedar ties and the short line from Aberdeen was a thing of the past.

Across the barren plains between Aberdeen and Everts millions upon millions of cattle of every description had been carted in great long freight cars to be eventually disposed of in Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Louis, New York, Buffalo and in fact all of the big eastern marts of trade. On August 1, 1908, came the official ending of the town. All its books were closed on that date; its employees were officially dismissed then and their salaries to that time were paid them, although most of the public officials and their families had left Everts several weeks, some of them months before.

The casual observer, perhaps in a launch may go up to the landing at the center of the town and there tie his craft for a tour of inspection, but his efforts to unearth the mysterious about what was once Everts will be fruitless, for everything of any value whatsoever has been carried away and scarcely a stick of wood was left by the economical natives, who now call themselves citizens of other South Dakota villages.

Scores of towns have suffered the same experience which befell Everts, but the latter's passage to oblivion was perhaps more sudden, more spectacular and more regretted than any which have got into the public prints in a decade or more.

If you had "happened" into Everts two years ago and then dropped a few days ago you would pinch yourself twice to see if you were awake. Two years ago you would have seen roughly clad cattlemen hurrying hither and thither, engines puffing along the sidetracks, trainloads of some of the best cattle

OXYGEN USED TO CUT STEEL

Little or No Finishing Required After the Operation.

A stream of oxygen is the knife that cuts metals. The operation is performed by means of a blowpipe with two nozzles, of which the first delivers a ignited jet of mixed oxygen and hydrogen, and the second is a stream of pure oxygen. The pressure is regulated by a gauge attached to the oxy-

gen tank. The oxygen hydrogen flame and the stream of oxygen strike the same part of the metal, which, after being heated by the flame, is rapidly cut, or rather burned through by the oxygen, the temperature being raised to 1,300 or 1,400 degrees Fahrenheit by the combustion of the metal. The cut is as smooth as a sheared cut and requires little or no finishing. Armor plates can be cut in one-twentieth the

time required for mechanical cutting; and the sharply localized heating probably causes less strain than punching and shearing develop. If oxygen costs two cents and hydrogen two-thirds of a cent per cubic foot, the cost of cutting an iron plate four-fifths of an inch thick is about seven cents per running foot, or about half the cost of mechanical cutting. Special machines are constructed for cutting various objects. Finally there is a universal machine, which can be arranged to make curved and polygonal cuts of any pattern in addition to the simpler cuts

effectuated by the other machines. A special form of this universal machine is exceedingly useful in taking apart machinery and steel buildings. It operates by cutting off the heads of the rivets, which are then easily driven out.

People Eating Less Meat.

Sanitarism, or half vegetarianism, has gained many converts since Minister Wu coined the new word. The theory of the stomach's being the seat of all diseases is banishing meat from the bill of fare of many homes.

